

3-22-1916

Letter from Eleanor Blair, Wellesley, Massachusetts,  
to Mrs. D.C. Blair, Montour Falls, New York, 1916  
March 22

Eleanor Blair

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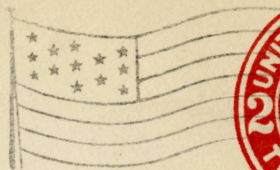
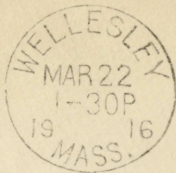
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Albion



Mrs. D. C. Blair  
Montour Falls  
New York.



22 March, 1916.

Dearest family,

I have just seven minutes before Philosophy class to start a note home. Only five more classes - then for ten days of the best time ever. When I hear all the girls talking about their families, it makes me quite anxious to chug into Manhattan & Hoboken, N. Y., but Westport is next best, and I know I am going to feel perfectly at home down there. Friday noon at 12:45 - you can imagine us on the Wellfleet special, with some hundreds of other girls just pulling out of Wellfleet station.

I am not going to send my laundry until Friday, because I have been washing and ironing what clothes I want (and there ain't enough left to make it worth sending). Then it won't matter when I get back the laundry because I have all I need for my visit. Thanks for the waist and gloves, Mother. They hadn't come yet, but I know I shall like them.

Has Daddy come home yet? I am so sorry about Uncle John. I only wish I could have known him.

There goes to bed and Miss Case has started her lecture.

I'm home now and have written an English 10 theme. I'm getting fearfully anxious to see you folks, as you know it. Well, once I get there home, I intend to stay there except perhaps for a visit



to Jamestown.

It's snowing, folks, just imagine!  
I haven't seen it doing anything as un-  
usual as that since early this morning.  
This is absolutely the funniest spring  
I ever knew. We haven't been without  
snow since sometime back in the dark  
ages.

You crazy mother to look at books for  
my Easter present. All I want is a  
candy egg perhaps, and that is all you  
are to do to get me. I do have the very  
worst time with my family. It is so  
hard to manage you all when I can't be  
right at home to discipline you. I have  
clothes enough for a dozen girls, and  
that is saying a lot more than most  
of the Fiske girls can. If you'd get a  
little more for yourselves & be in a while  
instead of all the time preaching to me,  
you'd be a lot more sensible. There!!  
I'm through sputtering - for the present.  
But if you two, Mother & Dad, begin again  
about my looking like a rag bag & not  
having anything, I shall have to resort  
to more sputtering.

You're really awful tricks even if I  
do have to scold you sometimes.  
To comfort you, I'll say I got some high  
shoes.

Goodbye, family,  
Your "rag-baggy" daughter